

HERE ARE THE NEW SILK WAISTS, MORE ELABORATE THAN EVER; THE SEPARATE COLLAR DISCARDED, AND YOKES ARE NOT IN FAVOR

Cuffs Are Almost Twice as Deep, and All Ornamentation Tends to Heighten the Long Line Effect

THE newest silk blouses are yoke must be pointed, sometimes double tucked and smocked and accented with deep points which lap back onto the sleeve puff. The most notable distinction between these and the blouses of a year ago is in the collars and cuffs. The latter are deeper, almost twice as deep as formerly. The collars must all match the waists. The separate collar is no more. By these two hallmarks will the waist of 1902 be known, and it will be impossible to confound its predecessor with it; more's the pity, some women who have good "left-overs" will declare.

In colors it is black and white, which predominates here as elsewhere through the feminine wardrobe. White with black embroidery by way of ornamentation is altogether the most popular. The sleeves are large, with an expanding fullness where the lower edge is gathered into the cuff. There are no yokes at all on many of the waists, and on others the trimming is put on to simulate a yoke, but never with a suggestion of squareness. Every effect in the way of a



Black and White Predominate in Material, as in the Embroidery. Silk Taffeta for Linings

the severe tailor-made features with which the shirtwaist started on its evolutionary career was never more marked than in the models of the present season. This particular little waist is made lovely with Irish lace. There is a yoke of the lace and a band of it which follows all the way down the side front. The blouse itself is embroidered all over in black lines. The collar, the lower puff of the sleeves and the cuffs have bands of herring-bone stitching.

A unique design is of white peau de sole, pin tucked and trimmed with black velvet. The yoke is marked off with three parallel zigzag bands of the velvet ribbon, and these again are crossed by five black velvet bands from the shoulders. Cut steel buttons ornament these bands, and from the end of each depends a tab of white lace. The collar has the velvet bands and steel buttons, as do also the cuffs of the sleeves.

The sleeves are plain except for the few pin tucks at the top edge. A belt of three black velvet bands over white silk carries out the general plan of decoration used elsewhere on the waist.

Fongee is to be very much worn for spring and summer waists, and it bears the special recommendation that it can be laundered like cotton. You can buy it now in all the colors, but the waist here shown is white. It is laid in small box pleats fastened in place by embroidered French knots in French blue. A group of these knots marks the place where the yoke would come if there were a yoke, and another group heads the belt line. The sleeves are similarly box-pleated and embroidered. The cuffs are a return to an old style, with deep points which lap back onto the sleeve puff.

Just the waist for a pretty girl in her teens is one all in rose pink tulle. The front is daintily smocked, and the collar, the cuff and the piece down the front are outlined embroidered in a design of circles.

A white liberty silk is all accented, pleated, with the sleeves having the pleats run horizontally. The deep pointed yoke is made of bands of white ribbon, every alternate band being embroidered in herring-bone stitching in black.

Strikingly stylish is a waist of white tulle ornamented with black velvet rings. Straps of the silk put on in yoke effect are drawn through these rings. The front panel has a whole row of the rings, and more of them appear on the collar and cuffs.

NO TRUE LOVE IN JAPANESE MARRIAGES

Japan has some marriage customs that are as far from our Western ideas on the subject. In the first place, love doesn't enter into the contract at all.

The primary purpose in a Japanese girl's marriage is to get her placed where she will be well connected and well cared for. No mother in all Japan would for a moment be so foolish as to think of giving her daughter in marriage to a young man who had no home ready for her reception. He must have the necessary means to care for a wife, and he must be able also to show a creditable family tree. Without these essentials he might love the girl to desperation, and she might regard him with equal ardor, but he would never get her.

The Japanese maiden in any event does not choose her own husband. It would no more occur to her to do such an audacious thing than to have chosen the name given her at birth. An interested friend of the family, known as a "go-between," attends to this matter.

When a girl reaches a marriageable age this "go-between" casts about for a husband for her. When he finds a young man who meets all of the requirements of family and fortune he arranges for a meeting with the girl and her mother.

Another way is to arrange for a meeting at the house of a friend. Of course, the matchmaker will pretend that it is quite by accident, although all of the party understand perfectly that it is by design.

The girl is very shy, and hides her face behind her fan as she bows low many times. Then she retires, blushing and nervous, behind her mother. The young man at this meeting looks her over and decides whether he will wed her. If he agrees, the negotiations are carried to a finish. He pays for the trousseau and the bride's father provides the entire furnishings for the house which the newly-married pair will occupy.



A GAME OF HEARTS IN CHINATOWN

San Francisco Celestials are mourning the loss of the queen of Chinatown. She isn't dead, but she has eloped with thirty-one hundred of their dollars and the most unpopular Oriental among them.

Que Qui was the belle of the Chinese quarter. She has held undisputed sway over the hearts of the male population there for seven summers, ever since her uncle, Loo Soo, brought her to this country. She was then a girl of 17, a dainty little bit of femininity. From the yellow standpoint she was bewitchingly lovely. She was as perfectly formed as ever a lady on a painted peacock fan.

Her skin was smooth like ivory. Her deep black eyes were sparkling and black or lustrous and sleepy, just as she chose to make them. Her mouth was a cupid's bow and her lips red and inviting. Her little hands had tiny tapered fingers.

Of the value of these charms Que Qui was perfectly aware. She was a coquette from the crown of her head to the toes of her tottering feet. She played fast and loose with all the hearts that came her way, and of these there were not a few. The light of her smile made any Chinaman, upon whom she deigned to bestow it, happy, and the rich and the wealthy merchants all vie for her favor.

During the seven years that Que Qui held undisputed sway in Chinatown, her followers showered rich gifts upon her and opened wide their purses strings. She was wine and dined and great feasts were held in her honor, and her beauty was at the bottom of many a feud. But all this time no man could win her for his own. At least it was supposed none could. But one did.

Of late Que Qui had been giving particular encouragement to two of her suitors, Jim Wong and Quong Hing, both very wealthy and the latter the owner of eight stores. But these flirtations were but to divert attention from the quarter where her real interest lay. Chin Wing, a gambler and of no cash, had succeeded where all of the other men in the little beauty's train had failed. Nobody knew that she had so much as a speaking acquaintance with him. Nobody would have supposed that she would look at him.

He sailed for China a few weeks since, and the other day San Francisco's Chinatown awoke to discover that Que Qui had also taken passage and fled to join him in the Land of the Rising Sun.

THE OPEN DOOR IN TRADE FOR WOMEN

Although it is now pretty widely recognized that the working population of the United States is divided into about two parts of men and one part of women, yet it is not so generally known that in almost every line of trade and in every conceivable occupation men must now compete with the fair sex.

Women editors in New York, and there are several of them, earn comparatively large salaries, many of them receiving over \$500 a year.

But it is the trades and occupations, where intellectual ability is secondary, that you will find much to surprise you. How about a woman "elevator-boy"? Though the phrase may be a contradiction in terms, there is nevertheless the woman "elevator-boy" at present employed in the building of the Philadelphia Young Women's Christian Association.

In New York there are half a dozen women who wield the paste-pot and brush, and very few are the defects to be found in the paperhanging work done by them. Women barbers ply their trade in Philadelphia, New York, Atlantic City and in some of the Western cities. In the West, too, are to be found not a few women railroad switch-tenders, and there has yet to be found an instance where a train has met with an accident through the inefficiency or carelessness of the fair railroad employee.

In short, in every respectable business the fair sex is now represented, and her efficiency has yet to be questioned. A California life insurance company employs a woman as manager at a salary of \$10,000 a year.

A LUXURIOUS COUCH BEST NERVE CURE

"Couches have saved more minds and nervous systems than all the doctors and medicines put together," said a familiar authority on house furnishing a few days ago.

"It is the best refuge that the over-worked housekeeper has, did she but know it, and the only fault that I have to find with women is that as a rule they do not use their couches half enough."

"I am not talking about these yard-and-a-half contrivances, that are as tough as a rhinoceros hide. What I mean is a broad, comfortable couch that is soft and luxurious and on which a woman may nestle among the pillows and be comfortable. Every room should have one. When distracted by the infinite cares of the household, and worried over this bill and that, a woman should have a place where she can throw herself down, and stretched at ease, allow her troubles to straighten themselves out of their own accord."

"By this means hysteria is avoided, beauty is preserved and the woman's chances for eternal salvation are helped tremendously. No matter how comfortable the chairs in a room may be, they never take the place of the couch. To make the home truly home-like, to give it that air of solid comfort and exquisite luxury and on which a woman may give up the broad, low, hospitable couch, the presence of which is an invitation, a delight and a benediction."

If you want to advertise, it gets results.

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